Mow There is a thing within my boſome tells me
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.
Haſtings Feare you not that if we can make our peace,
Vpon ſuch large termes, and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall conſiſt vpon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firme as rockie mountaines.
Mowb. Yea but our valuation ſhal be ſuch,
That euery ſlight, and falſe deriued cauſe,
Yea euery idle, nice, and wanton reaſon,
Shall to the King taſte of this action,
That were our royal faiths martires in loue,
We ſhall be winow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That euen our corne ſhal ſeeme as light as chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.
Biſh. No, no, my lord, note this, the King is weary
Of daintie and ſuch picking greeuances,
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Reuiues two greater in the heires of life:
And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,
And keepe no tel-tale to his memorie,
That may repeate, and hiſtory his loſſe,
To new remembrance: for full wel he knowes,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion,
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfix an enemy,
He doth vnfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend,
So that this land, like an offenſiue wife,
That hath enragde him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holdes his infant vp,
And hangs reſolu'd correction in the arme,
That was vpreard to execution.
Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted al his rods,
On late offendors, that he now doth lacke
The very inſtruments of chaſticement.
So that his power, like to a phangleſſe lion,

May offer, but not
Biſhop Tis very
And therefore be
If we do now mak
Our peace wil like
Grow ſtronger fo
Mow. Be it ſo,

Weſt. The prin
To meet his grace
Ent
Mow. Your gra
Biſhop. Before, a
Iohn You are w
Good day to you,
And ſo to you Lor
My Lord of York
When that your fl
Encircled you, to h
Your expoſition c
That now to ſee y
Cheering a rowt o
Turning the word
That man that ſits
And ripens in the
Would he abuſe th
Alacke what miſch
In ſhadow of ſuch
It is euen ſo, who h
How deepe you w
To vs the ſpeaker
To vs th' imagine
The very opener a
Betweene the grac
And our dull wor
But you miſuſe the